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See Shyla Try



18 0 1

Chapter 1 by Lizabeth Sche

I have no age. I am a kid because I insist the world is good, contrary to proof otherwise. I am a teen because unfairness makes me feel angry and rebellious. I am old because I've seen everything and good memories comfort me. My name is Shyla and I refuse to give up. When I leave my house, it is with a goal and a plan. All the pedestrians, detours, traffic stops, and broken down trains I pass are obstacles. Obstacles require modification to plans, that's all. You go a different way or turn around, wait, or cancel/postpone plans. It's exhausting when it's constant. This is my current view on life. It is quite literal, but you can read more into it, if you like.

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